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INTERNATIONAL

club

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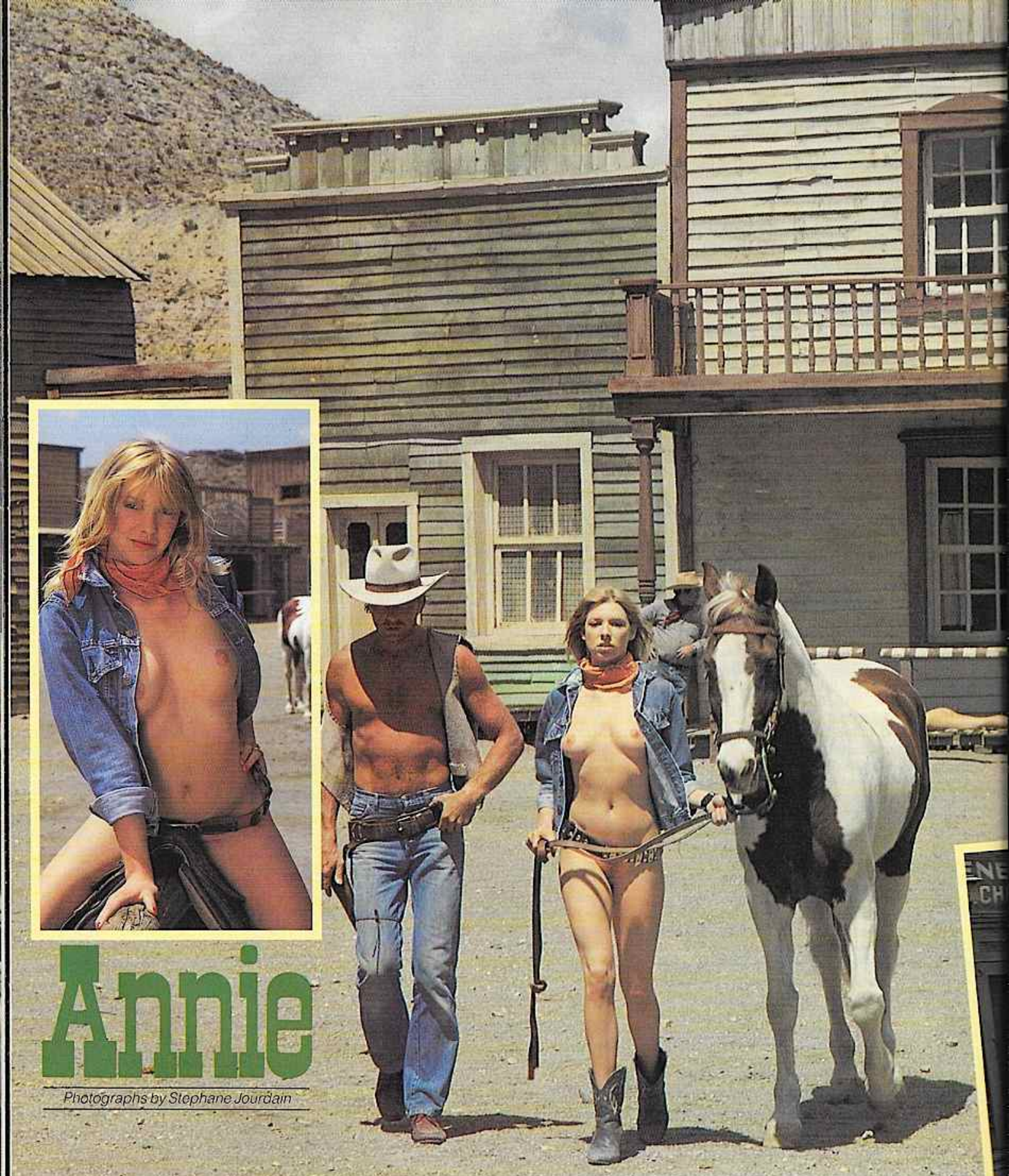
MISS WET TT-SHIRT EVENT

LINZI AND DAWN MEET THE TT RIDERS



Annie

Photographs by Stephane Jourdain

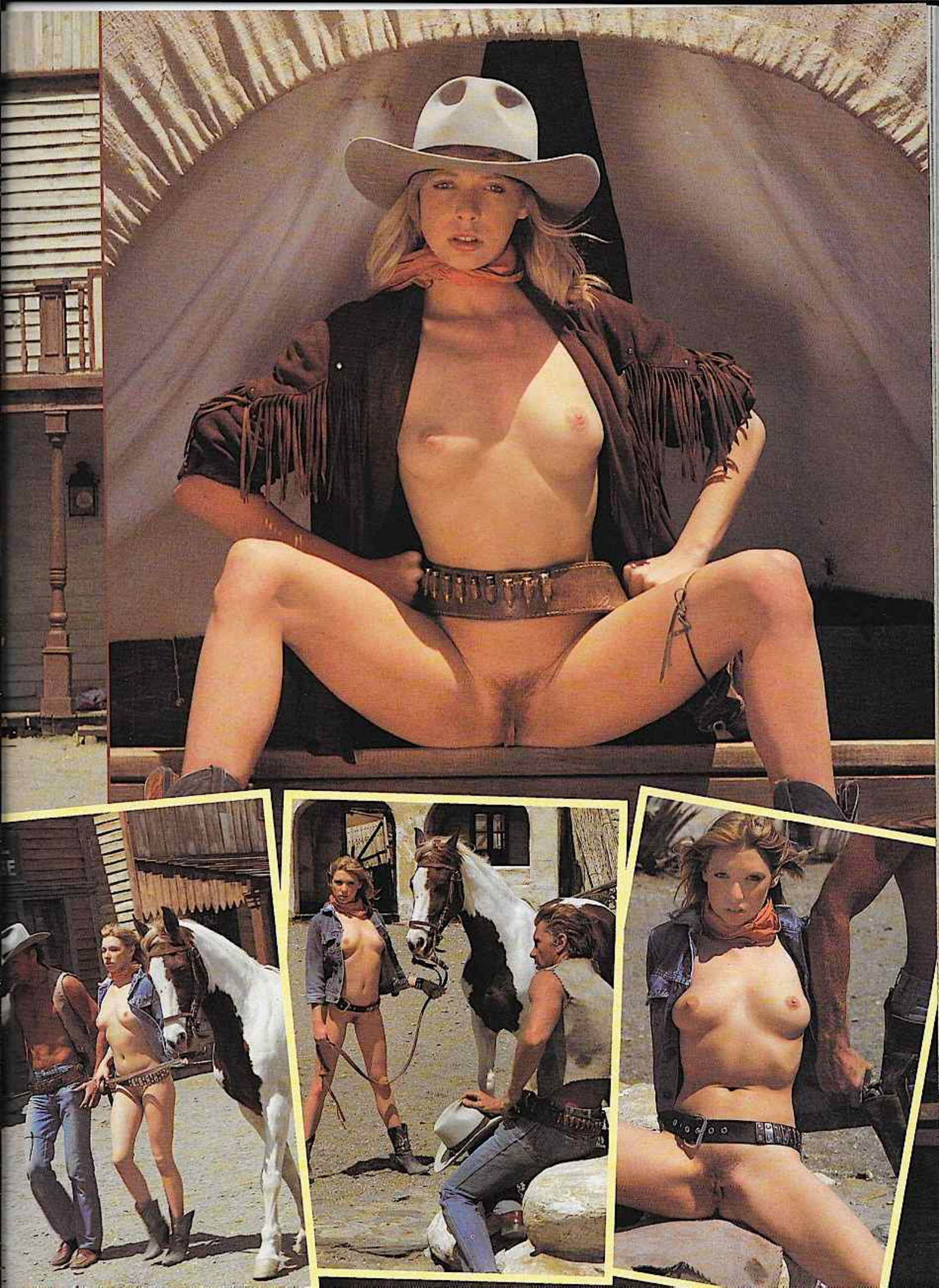
Have you seen the film *West World*? You know – the one where people go to have a fantasy holiday in a Wild West town, where they have shoot-outs with these lifelike robots who can't harm them and where they fuck the living daylights out of robotic bar-room broads who can't say no?

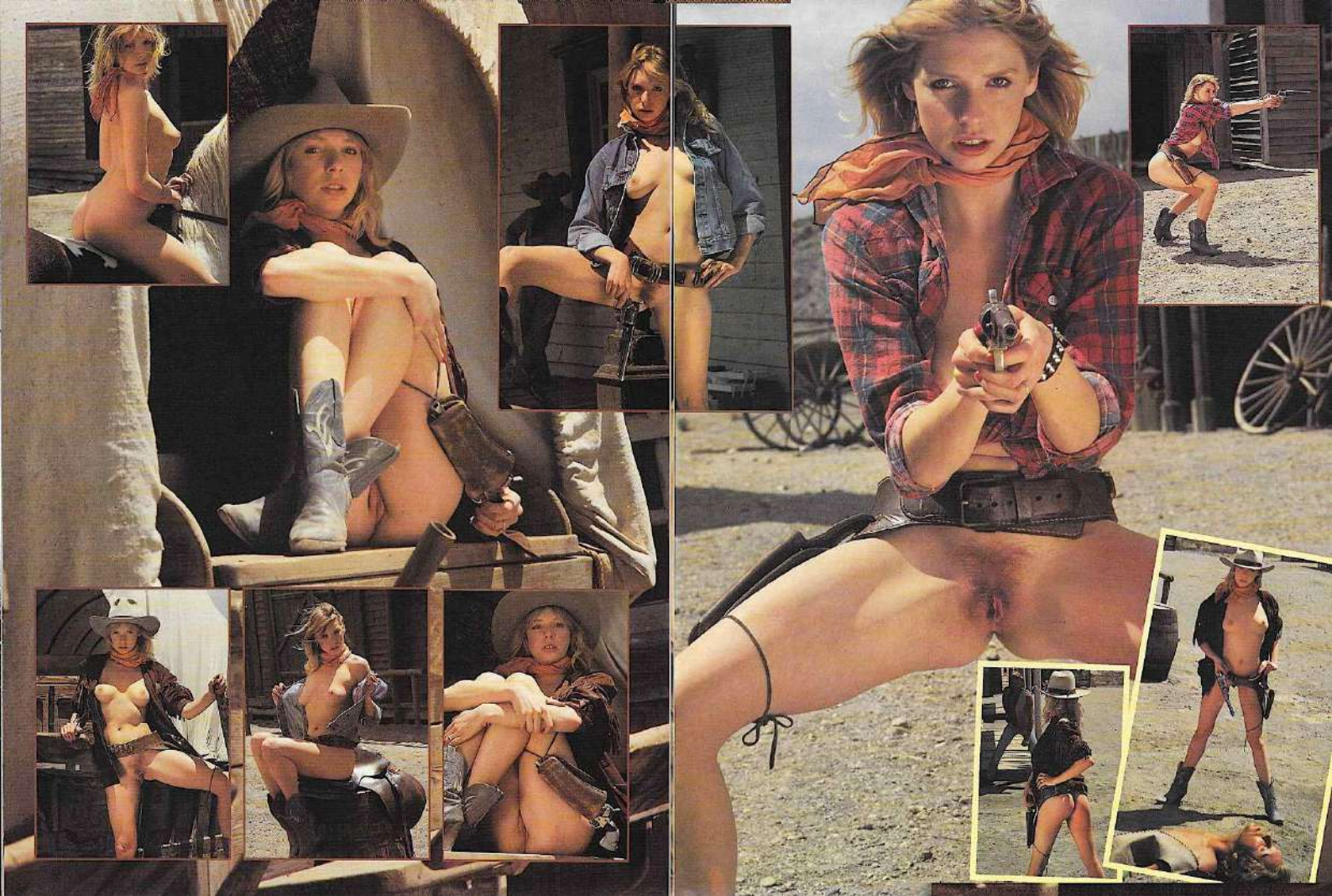
Forget the fact that, in the film, the robots (remember Yul Brynner?) went haywire and killed everybody: it's a damn fine idea, and one which we've adapted here. And let's get it straight here and now – Annie is NOT a robot.

Anyway, just imagine being abandoned in this town for a two-week fantasy break – with only Annie for company. She's under orders to refuse you nothing, as well as to come up with a few (pleasant) surprises of her own...

So how would *you* play it? Would you give her the part of a gun-totin' outlaw who orders you to strip while holding you at gunpoint? Or would it be the other way around? Maybe you'd like her to be the saloon waitress who plays hard to get, but always comes round in the end... the list is endless.

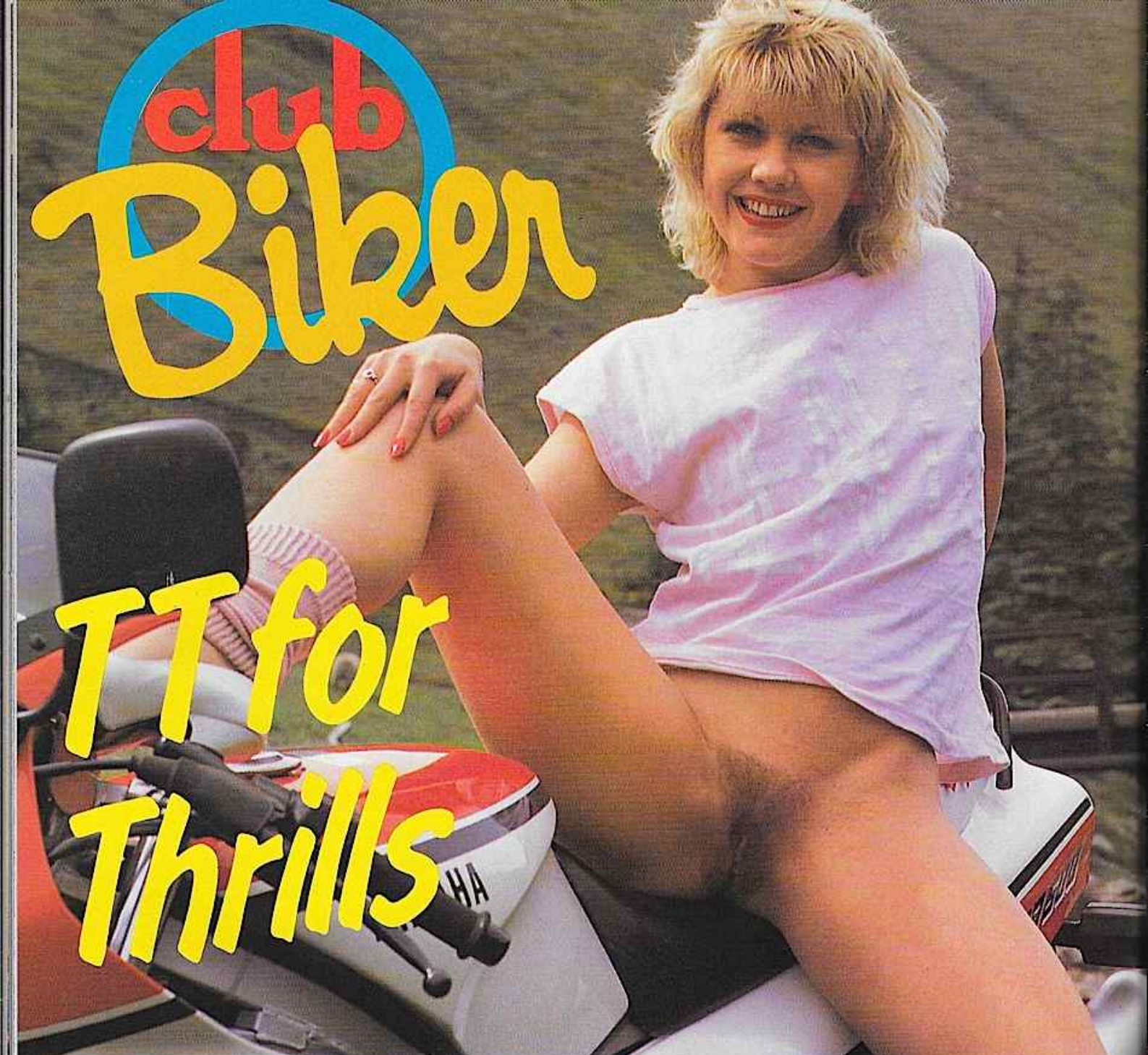
All we need now is a title for your fantasy. *West World? West Hampstead? West Lothian?* Nah. How about *Annie, Get Your Man?*





club Biker

TT for Thrills



Photographs by Dave Antony and Paul Diamond

If you're a biker, and you've never been to the Isle of Man TT, you don't know what you're missing: it's brill!

I can safely say that, having made my first visit this year, I can't wait to go back again. Obviously, the racing is pretty spectacular, but there are loads of other things which happen throughout Race Week as well.

I was lucky enough to make my trip to the island on Yamaha's brilliant RD500 (see my test soon), so my first priority after coming off the boat was to put in a few laps of the famous TT circuit. Unfortunately, I didn't get off to a very good start – I was nicked for speeding!

The thing about the Isle of Man, you see, is that there are no speed restrictions outside the built-up areas and it's easy to hurtle into 30mph limits at quite a rate of knots. Going into the village of Sulby, I saw the signs and yanked on the brakes to bring my speed down.

But the speed trap beat me to it, and the next thing I saw was a copper standing in the road flagging me down. Just my bloody luck!

Luckily, though, I wasn't all that much over the limit, and the Manx bobbies, with the big white hats you can spot a mile off, are quite a friendly bunch, so I got off with a bit of a finger-wagging and a 'Don't say you haven't been warned, love.'

And before you say I must have flashed my eyebrows at him, I saw several other bikers – definitely male – getting off with just a warning as well. Incidentally, during the races, the big bikes go through Sulby at 150mph!

I can't really describe the feeling you get when you're actually riding on the most famous bike racing circuit in the world, passing places you've only ever seen or read about in bike magazines. It's a great sensation.

Incredible

And I enjoyed my first lap so much, I went straight round again. There *are* places where you can go really fast, but it's incredible to think the really quick boys are doing 170mph in places, and covering the 37¾-mile lap in under 20 minutes. I didn't try to copy them, but some other bikers were having a damn good try, I can tell you!

A walk along Douglas prom provides you with the biggest bike show anywhere – and it's all free: think of any type of bike, and it's there. Now close your eyes and dream up the most fantastic bike you can think of – that's there, too!

But it's sometimes nice to get away from the constant noise of bikes roaring up and down the prom.

Thankfully, the Isle of Man is a beautiful island, and it has more than its fair share of lovely scenery off the beaten track. So I decided to spend an afternoon away from it all. Never one to let an opportunity slip by, photographer Dave came along as well.

We found a nice secluded glen in the middle of the island, and, before long, the camera started clicking. High above us, we heard a bike zooming past on the road which circles the glen.

But there was a sudden screeching of brakes, and the next thing we saw was a little yellow crash-helmeted head peering at us from over the wall at the side of the road.

We decided to call a halt to the piccies until he roared off again. After all, you never can tell – he

Carla
Photographs by Serge Jacques

club

club Event

One thing's for sure: there's never been a Miss Wet T-shirt competition like it. Anywhere.

Our Miss Wet TT-shirt contest at the Palace Lido, Douglas, had the place in raptures for eight nights. On the final night, the roars could be heard all over the Isle of Man. Earth tremors were felt as far away as Acapulco.

And the winner's tits can be seen from five counties away on a clear day.

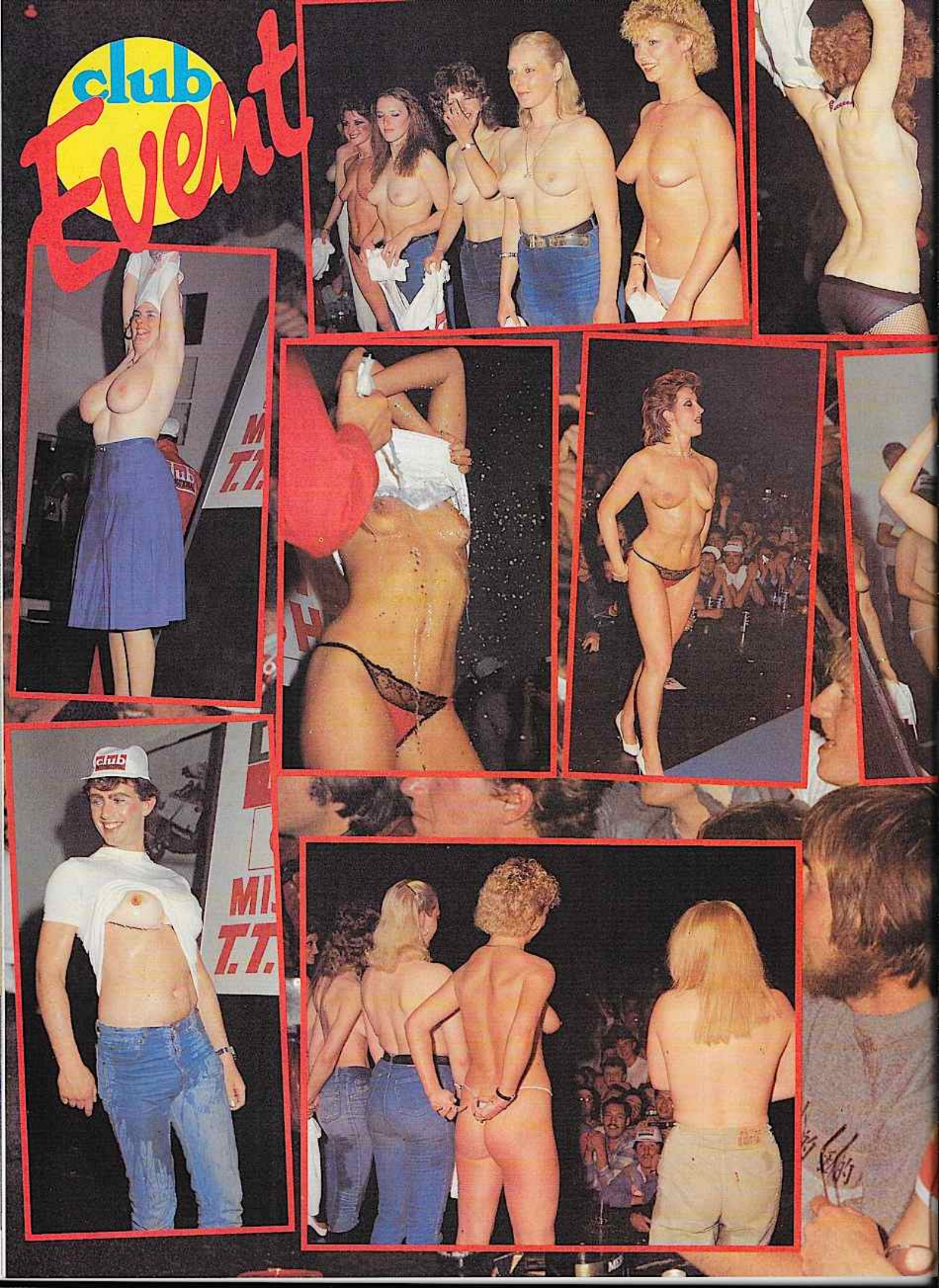
Yes, to say that Tracy Gillon, a local lass from Douglas, was a popular winner with our reserved, tranquil audience ('We want tits! We want tits!') is something of an understatement.

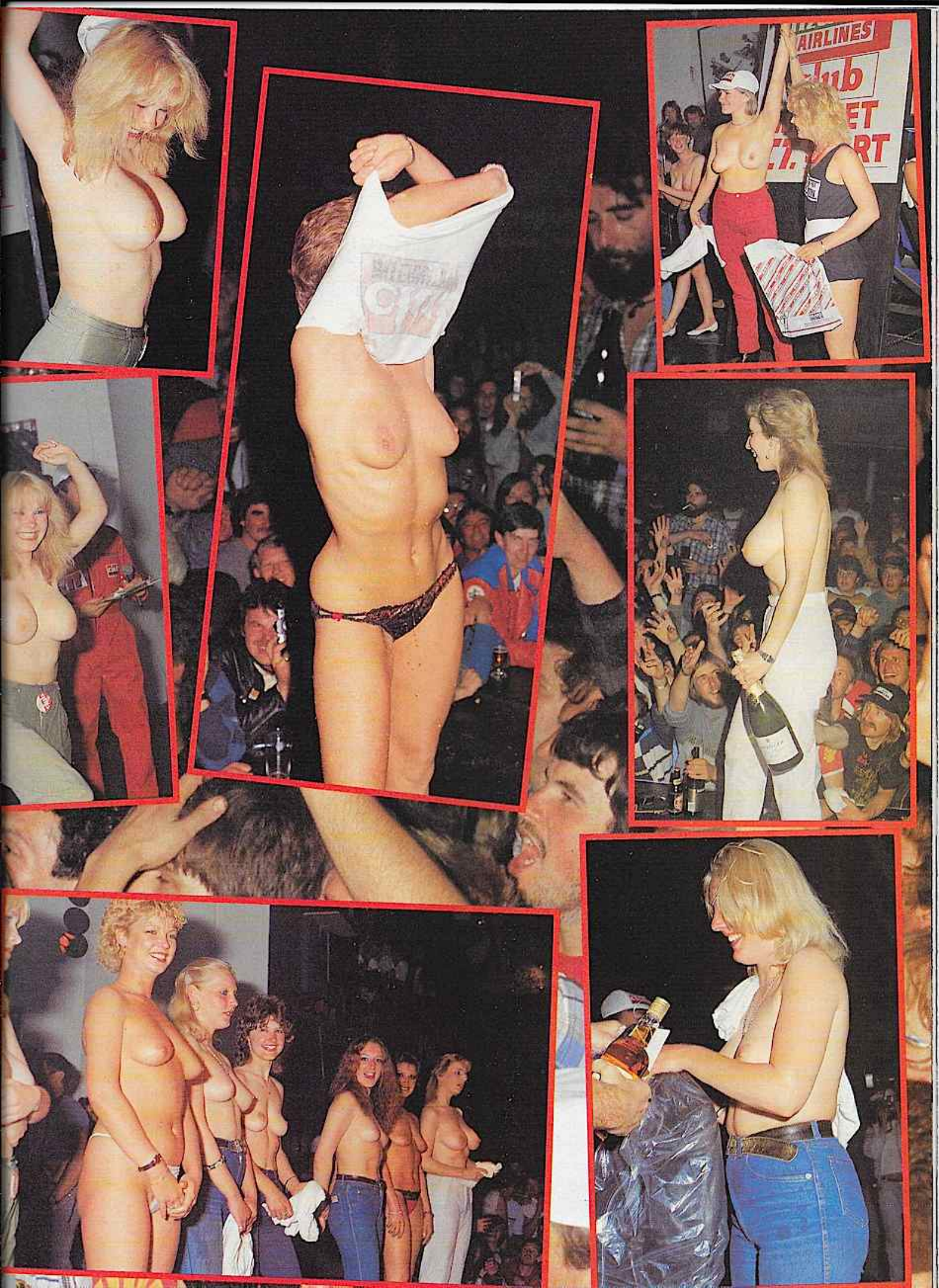
But she didn't have it all her own way. As you can see, the competition was pretty stiff (like quite a few thousand other things in the Lido), but quality *and* quantity won the day in the end.

To add to her magnum of Bollinger champagne, the panel of celebrity judges – including Club's own Linzi Drew and Dawn Beaven – presented Tracy with free tickets from Manx Airlines and our own prize of a voucher for £200 worth of leather gear from Rivetts of London.

All in all, it was a t-tremendous end to TT week. Our thanks to all the girls (and one bloke, the rascal) who made it all possible.

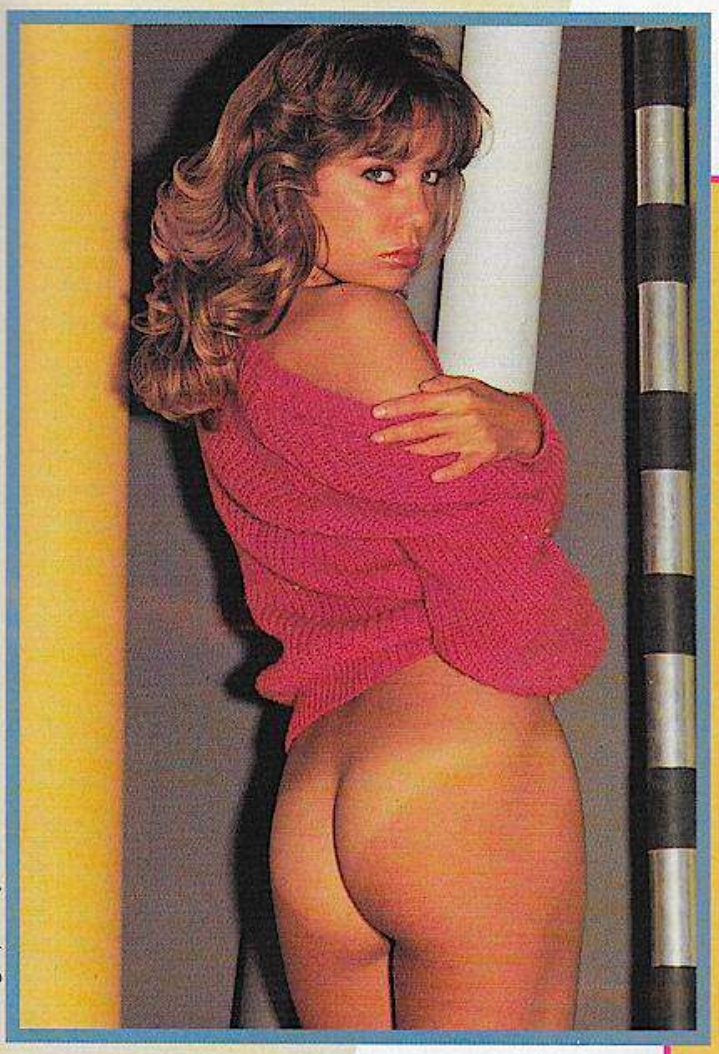
club Event





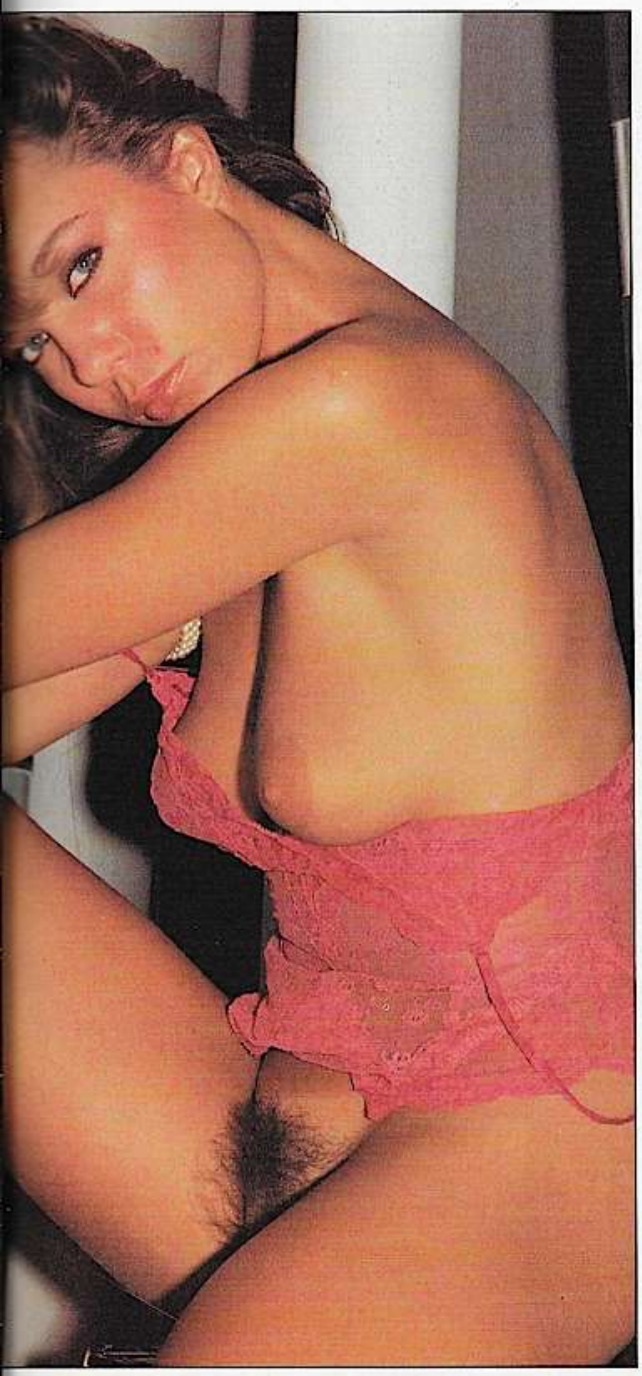
club Event

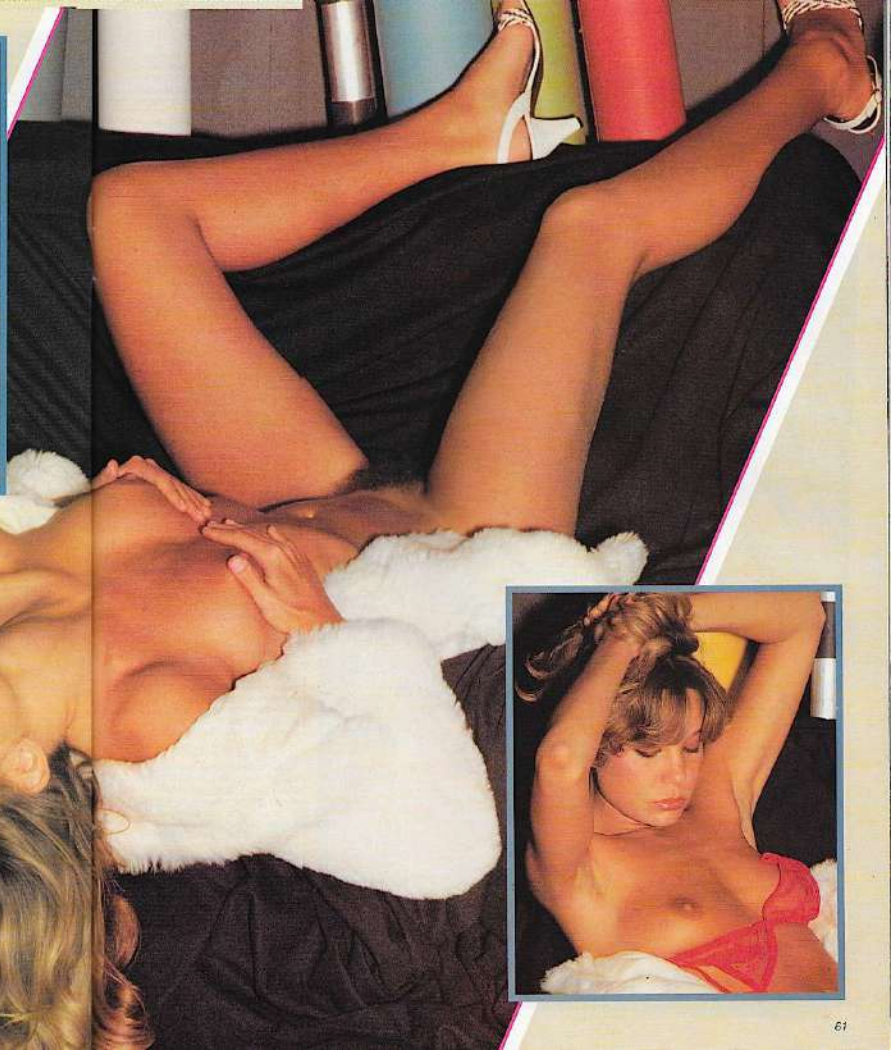
WINNER
100% SUGAR-FREE
100% COTTON
BOLLINGER



Photographs by Robert Lorraine

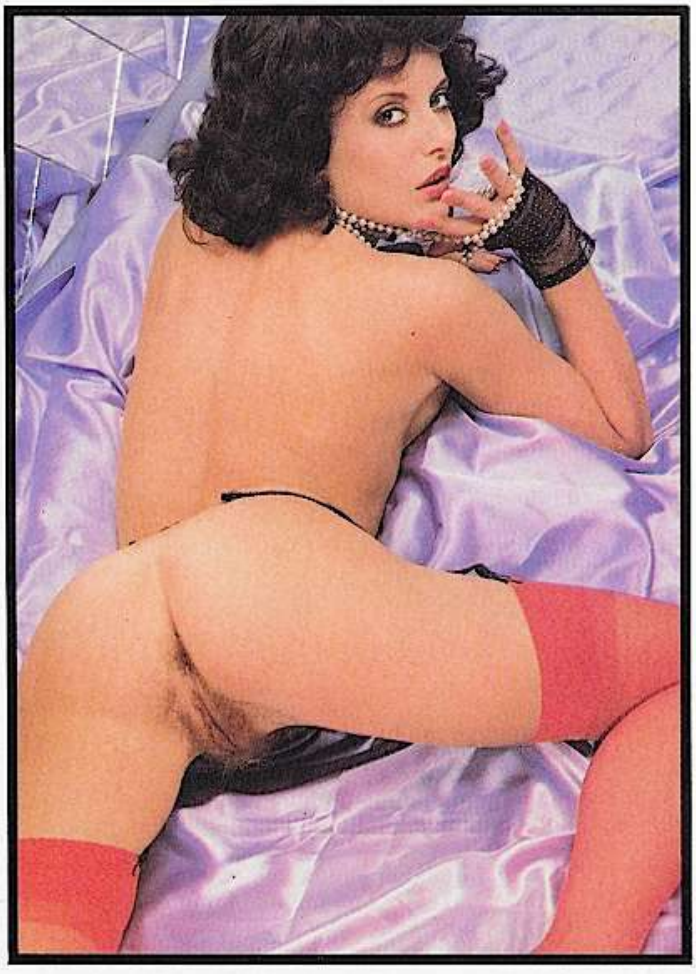
FAYE





Photographs by Serge Jacques

Kim



LIFE WITH Linzi

when I gave him a kiss. I arranged to meet him at 2 o'clock that morning after our Miss Wet TT-shirt competition which I was helping to judge.

The night began well with some wonderful bouncing boobies being exhibited to an amazingly appreciative audience. It's only when you get into my sort of business – or if you happen to be a very lucky man with the ladies – that you ever get to see so many pairs of tits in every shape and size. Tiny tits, enormous tits, upturned nipples, downturned nipples and even cross-eyed nipples (I think I've got a thing about crossing eyes this month!). Anyway, Dawn, myself and a couple of hunky male judges, chose a luscious lady with a very big, full jutting pair, which seemed to go down well with the lads out front.

Tasty Winner

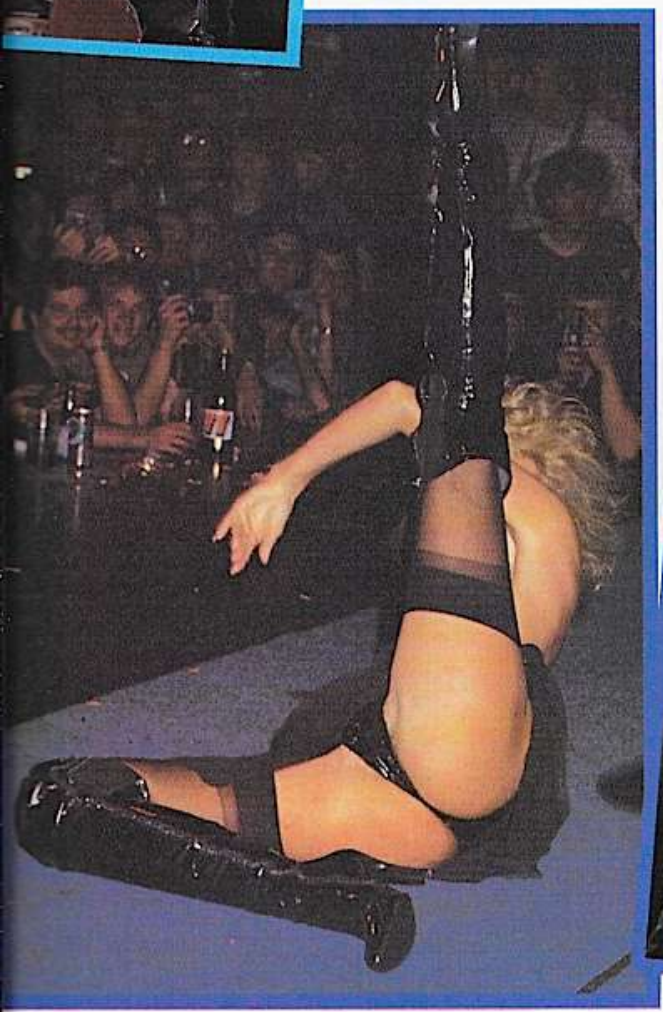
As I gave the tasty winner her prize, my mind was already on my late rendezvous, so as soon as I'd said my farewells to the beautiful bunch of bikers, it was back to my hotel room to slip into something comfortable and await the arrival of my date.

I had the room all to myself as Dave the Ed had whisked Dawn off to try their luck at the hotel casino. I was eager to try my luck with tricky Micky, who arrived just after 2am, looking gorgeous. Well, as the main feature in the room was the enormous king-sized bed, it didn't take us too long to be in it! The clever Ed, who had booked all the rooms, knows a thing or two about us girls. When girls are away, they love to play! And what a smashing time I was having playing with Mick. He was sucking and biting my big nipples the moment we were in bed, his lovely thick cock pressing hard against me. He rubbed it across my wet pussy lips, teasing my clitoris – which was getting bigger and bigger. He began to finger-fuck me and I was coming already as he worked his way inside my juicy pussy with his two fingers.

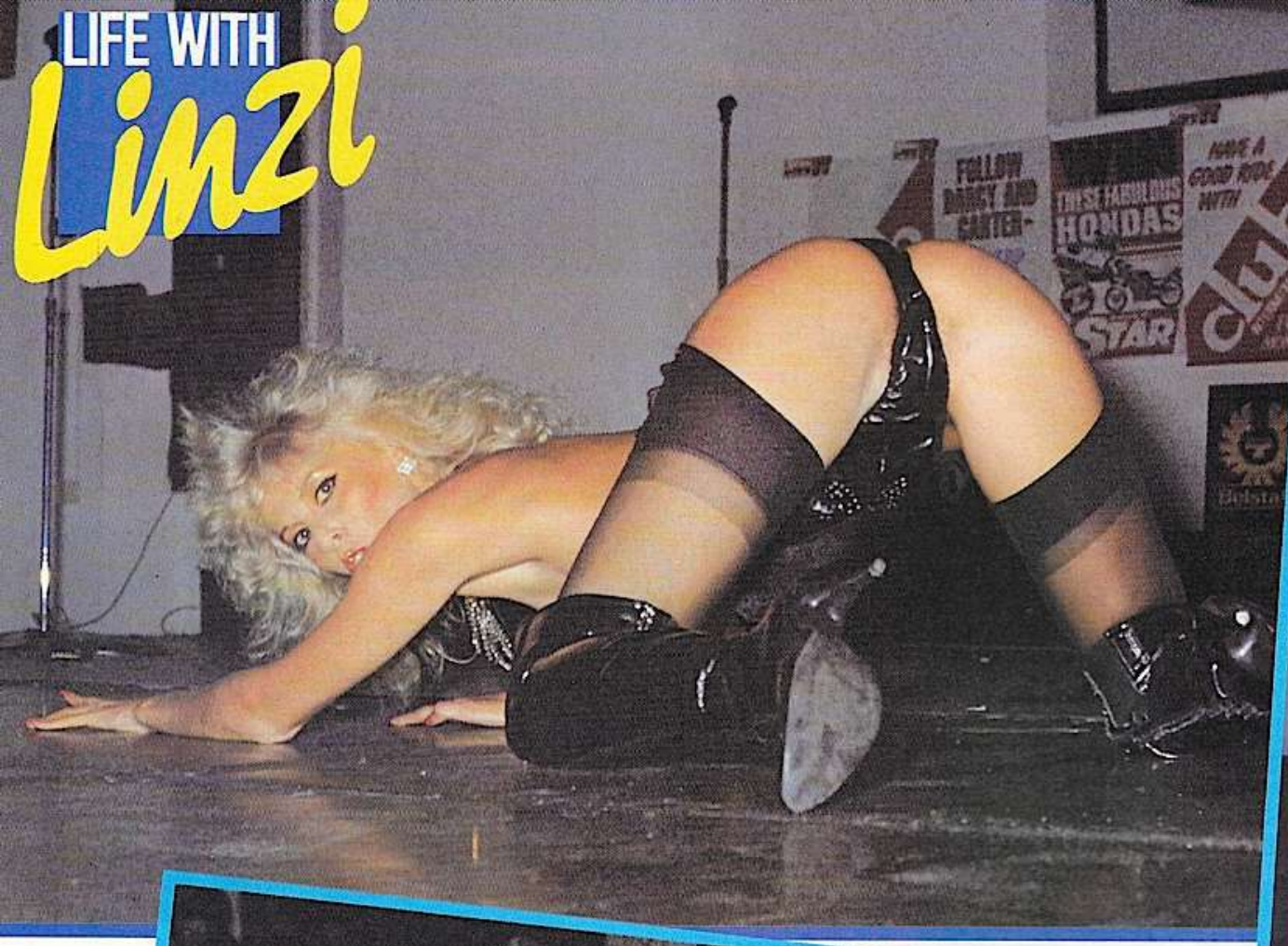
It was definitely time to sample his cock, so I moved down the bed and took it in both hands, slowly wanking it up and down, just tickling his helmet with the tip of my tongue. He had one of those willies that seemed to swing to the right when fully hard. I'm not sure why, but for some reason the curve in his cock made me even more wet and I desperately wanted him.

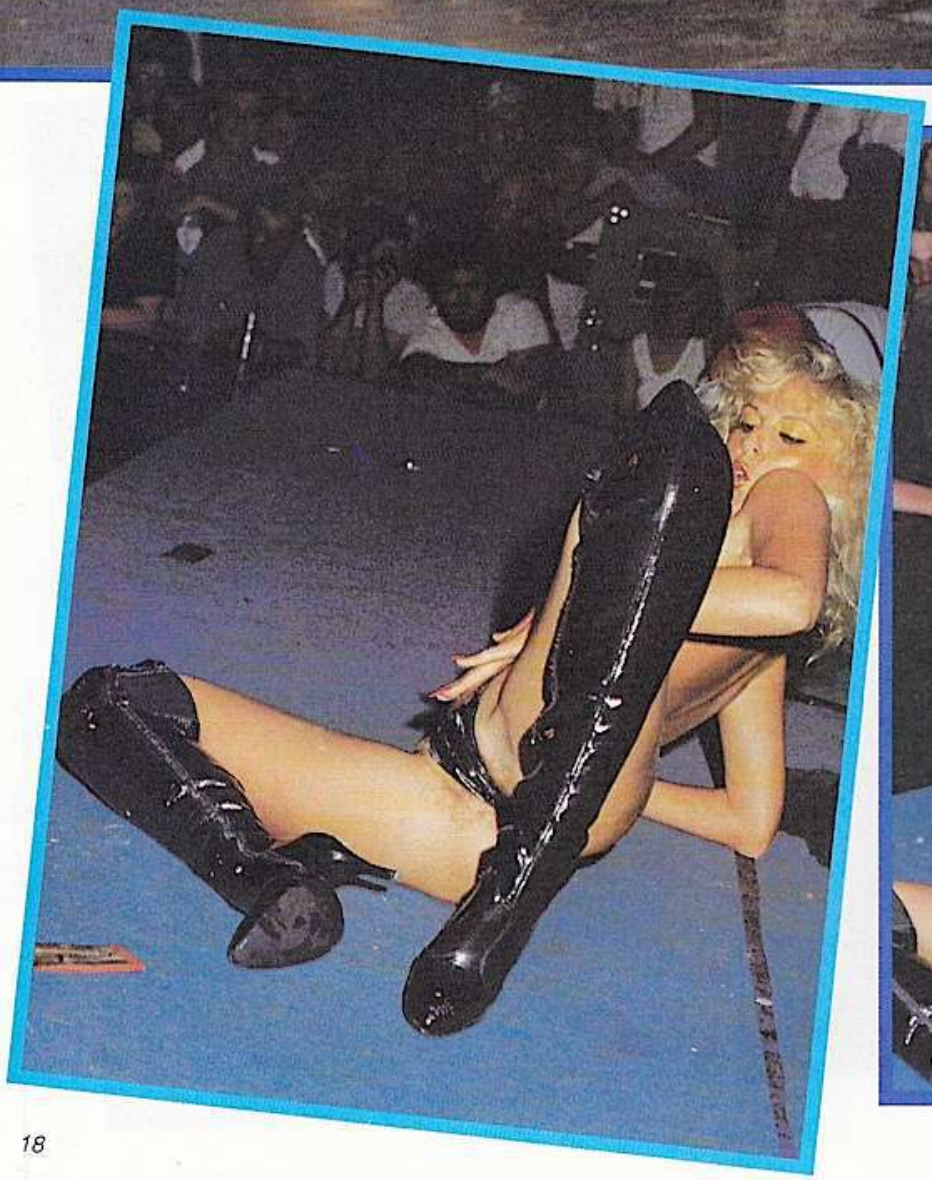
'Fuck me Mick, I really want your big cock inside me,' I pleaded. But he just grinned and said: 'Suck it harder, baby, and I'll let you a bit later.'

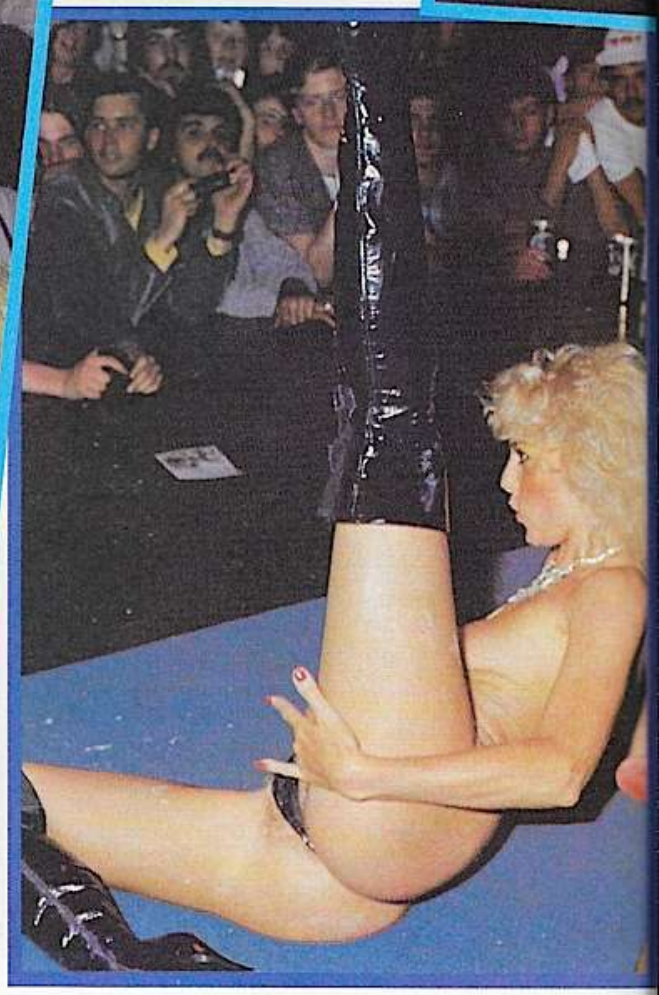
The teasing little bastard was going to make me wait, so I really went to work on his right-angled cock, taking it into my mouth as far as I could and working my tongue on it ferociously. It didn't take long until he was ready for a good fuck, too, and he lay on top of me, pushing my legs tight together

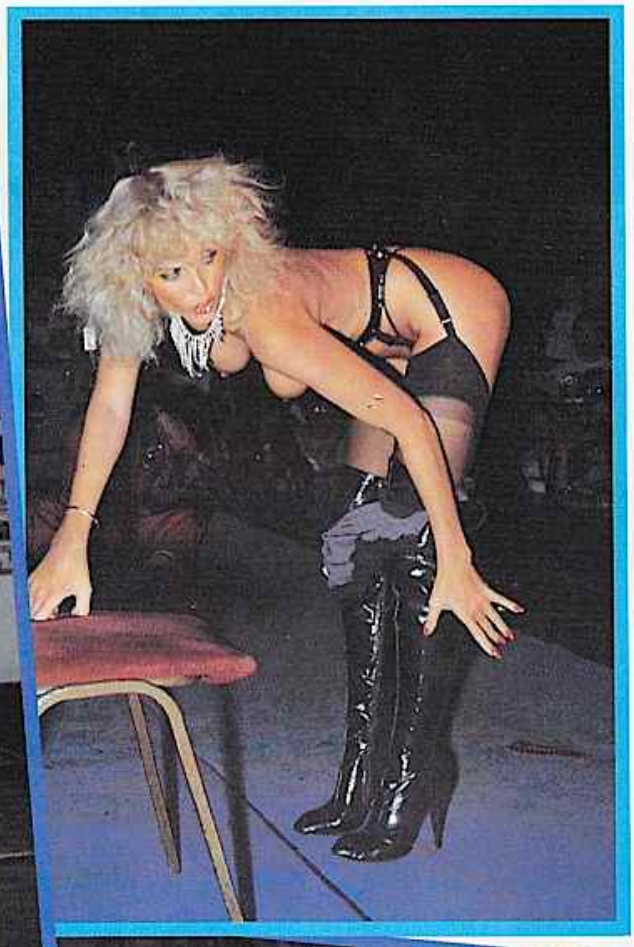


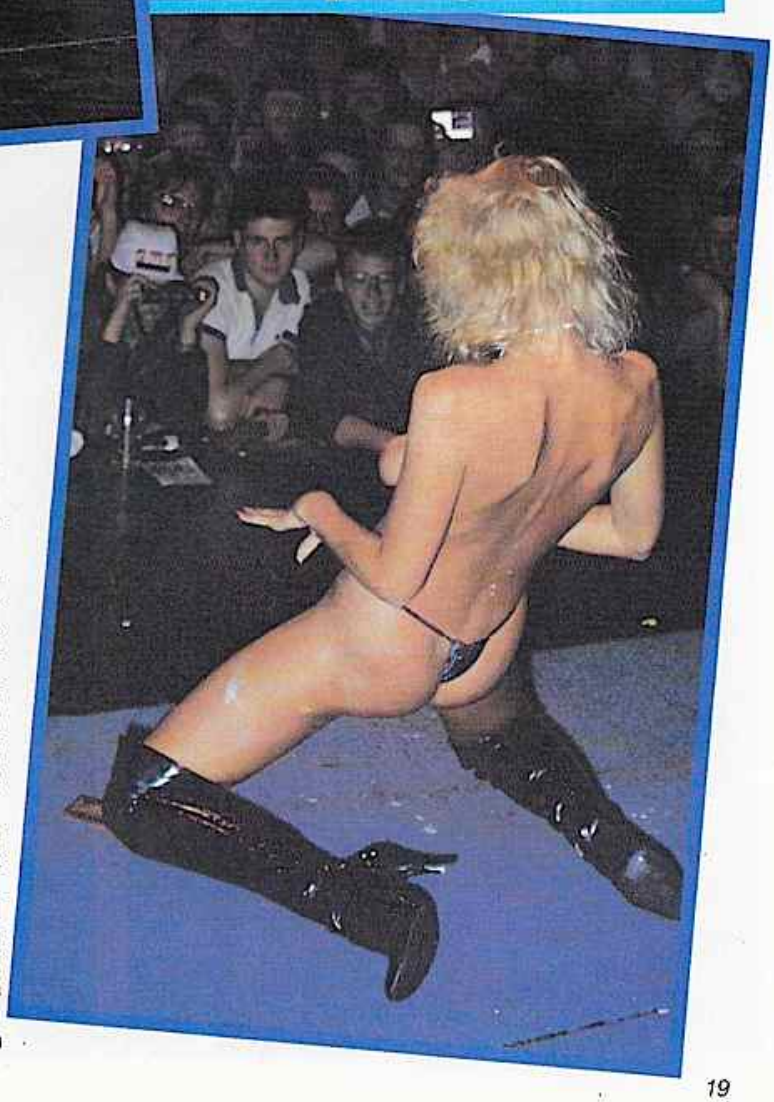
LIFE WITH Linzi











as he thrust his cock inside me.

So as to feel the full length of it, I crossed my ankles and clung on to his pumping penis with my pussy muscles. He was sliding it in and out, right up to the tip of my clit, then almost completely out again. This sent me off into quivers of delight. I dug my nails into his back as I tried to push him even deeper inside me and we both began to come together very noisily. His hot spunk exploded and mingled with my own come. We lay there together, our bodies still entwined, his cock slowly getting softer inside my burning cunt.

Heavenly Sleep

The next thing I heard was Dawn climbing into bed. I glanced at my watch; it was almost 5am. It had been a long day and one good fuck was all it had taken to send me off into a deep sleep. Mind you, the thought of the three of us all in bed together made me feel horny all over again.

I was still half asleep when I heard Dawn and Mick, two enthusiastic bikers, discussing motor bikes! Fuck that at this time in the morning, I thought, and nodded back into a heavenly sleep.

I awoke shortly afterwards and slid three fingers inside myself, and began to move them in and out. I was getting very wet, so I took my fingers out, pulled my pussy lips wide open with one hand and began to rub my swollen clit with the other.

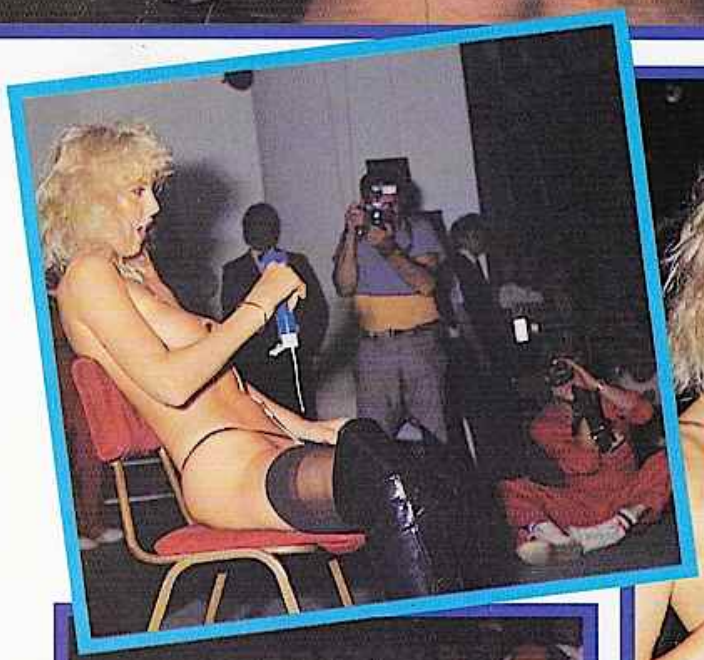
I was getting so carried away at first I didn't notice Mick putting his tongue on my magic button. I looked down as I felt his tongue suddenly deep inside me, licking and nibbling away. I was soon coming like crazy as I gripped his head close to my pussy so that he could taste my warm come.

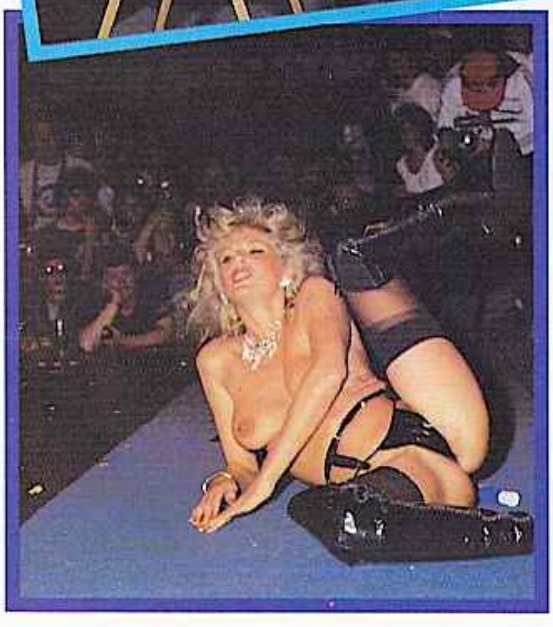
All that humping had given us quite an appetite, and as it was practically seven o'clock, we ordered breakfast in bed. I think it shocked the young chambermaid a little though, serving tea and toast to three in a bed!

Back to work again, although

LIFE WITH Linzi

sometimes it's really hard to describe it as work! Next on the agenda was a trip to the TT Grandstand winners' enclosure to pose for a few pictures with the winning riders. A few kisses and cuddles were definitely par for the course. We almost weren't allowed to join them on the winners' rostrum because of a 'job'sworth'. Dawn and I finally managed to persuade him. A magnum of champagne was being sprayed absolutely everywhere, including all over me. It felt delicious on this lovely hot day.





Tight Leathers

The Club team drifted off back to the hotel to prepare for the grand finale of the Club International Miss Wet TT-shirt competition, while the bikers all set off for the next race. And I must admit they didn't half look sexy, roaring off in their tight leathers!

On the way back to the hotel we got a little lost while trying to avoid the track. Colin, our lovely rep from Liverpool, stopped and asked someone the way.

'Excuse me darling, how do we get back to the Lido?' Darling turned around and happened to be a rather macho biker, not a tasty bird as Colin had obviously imagined.

'Sorry mate, but you've got such a lovely little bum that I thought you were a girl!' Colin explained, giggling, as we all fell about laughing in the car. Darling didn't appear to mind too much and he helpfully explained our route. Seems like a nice boy!

We had a couple of hours to relax in our rooms before the final, so I switched on the video which is available in all the hotel rooms. On two channels they

even show 'adult movies'. Very handy! I settled down to watch *Scherezade* and her story of 1001 Arabian nights, which got me playing with my juicy little pussy lips all over again.

I was interrupted from my wanking by the telephone. Another Irish lad called Andrew was calling me from Northern Ireland to say hello as he couldn't make it to the TT this year. I just had to give him a mention as his sexy voice got my naughty fingers working even better. Thanks very much for calling, Andrew!

Back to the Lido, which was packed with 3500 people, predominantly male, to look at some lovely wet boobies. All the girls excelled, with the obvious admiration of the randy blokes who kept on chanting: 'We want tits.' And tits they most certainly got! The girl who won must have been at least 40 inches around her bouncing boobs! I'm sure you'll soon be seeing more of her in a future edition of Club.

Striptease

After Dawn presented the happy winner with our £200 voucher for leather gear to be spent at Rivetts of London, it was time for me to shake my tits about. I did a little striptease for the capacity crowd. They certainly seemed to like me in my black thigh-length boots, stockings and suspenders. I enjoyed it, too, although I was a little disappointed that the Palace Lido management wouldn't let me reveal my all (well, take my G-string off, that is). I did manage to give the boys out front a good few glimpses of my pussy. If you missed it, boys, there should be plenty of pictures here to make up for what you missed.

Anyway our trip – and TT week – had come to an end. I'd just like to say a special thank you before closing to Manx Airlines for getting us all up at 5.30 the next morning to dash to the airport, only to be told there had been a cock-up and we were reallocated a flight at 3.15 that afternoon. Ta very much!

A *real* thank you, however, is in order to my readers. I hope you'll join me next month to hear all my latest naughty news. If you've got any naughty news of your own you'd like to tell me about, you know where to send it. Till then, you randy lot, ta ta!

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I think you ought to keep your clothes on in future issues of Club, otherwise my balls are going to drop off due to overwork. Just one look at your lovely tits and your deliciously gorgeous bum, and I have an instant stiffy on my hands.

It's not until I've had a good wank that I can even think straight again. Seriously, though, let's see more of your beautiful bum, particularly in some naughty undies – 'cos since you're not available for fucking, wanking over your piccies is the next best thing.

Barry, Surrey

You can be sure there'll be plenty more shots of my bum in some naughty undies, Barry. But I do hope all that wanking doesn't make those balls of yours fall off . . .

Dear Linzi,
I'm an 18-year-old apprentice technician in the Royal Signals: can you imagine the frustrations of a recruit of 14 weeks? For the first six weeks, I was starved of the sight, smell, touch and taste of the female body. This was how I first came to buy Club International.

I loved the sight of your beautiful, rounded tits and juicy pussy so much, I went straight to the toilet and wanked myself to a great orgasm. Since that memorable first time, I've bought Club every month.

The best yet is Vol 14 No 1, especially the picture of you hitch-hiking with your nipples pressing against your clinging T-shirt. The part about you having your best fucking session in Leicester is pleasing as I live in Leicester and would love to spend a night with you – fucking, sucking and bringing you to climax after climax.

I would love to have your pouting lips run up and down my shaft until I was ready to come, and then I would spurt all over your face. Then you could sit on my cock and I would let you do all the work while I laid back and enjoyed fucking the sexiest bit of muff there is.

You could then say your best *two* fucking sessions have been in Leicester!

Alan, Army Apprentices College, Harrogate

What do you mean you'd let me do all the work, you cheeky devil? Sure, bouncing up and down on a big stiff cock is just great, Alan, but you'd need to put in your pound of flesh too, you know (some pun, eh?)!

Dear Linzi,
I'm writing on behalf of the lads and me – all of us sex-starved legionnaires serving in Central Africa.

Before we left Calvi, our base in Corsica, we managed to get hold of a copy of Club (Vol 14 No 5) and brought it out with us. We haven't been able to stop wanking over your delicious body. If we could get hold of you out here, we wouldn't stop shagging you until every last one of us dropped – and that would take a long time.

You know that picture of you in your red sussies, where you're standing on the spiral staircase in your flat? Well, we put it up in the bogs, drilled a hole in the door, and put a plastic bottle on the other side. We then screw away, imagining – wishing – we were fucking your sexy, wet cunt. The lads all agree that if you came out here, this is what we would do.

To start with, we'd fuck you in every orifice possible, tit-fuck you, jack all over your face and hair, and cover you from head to foot in our steaming spunk.

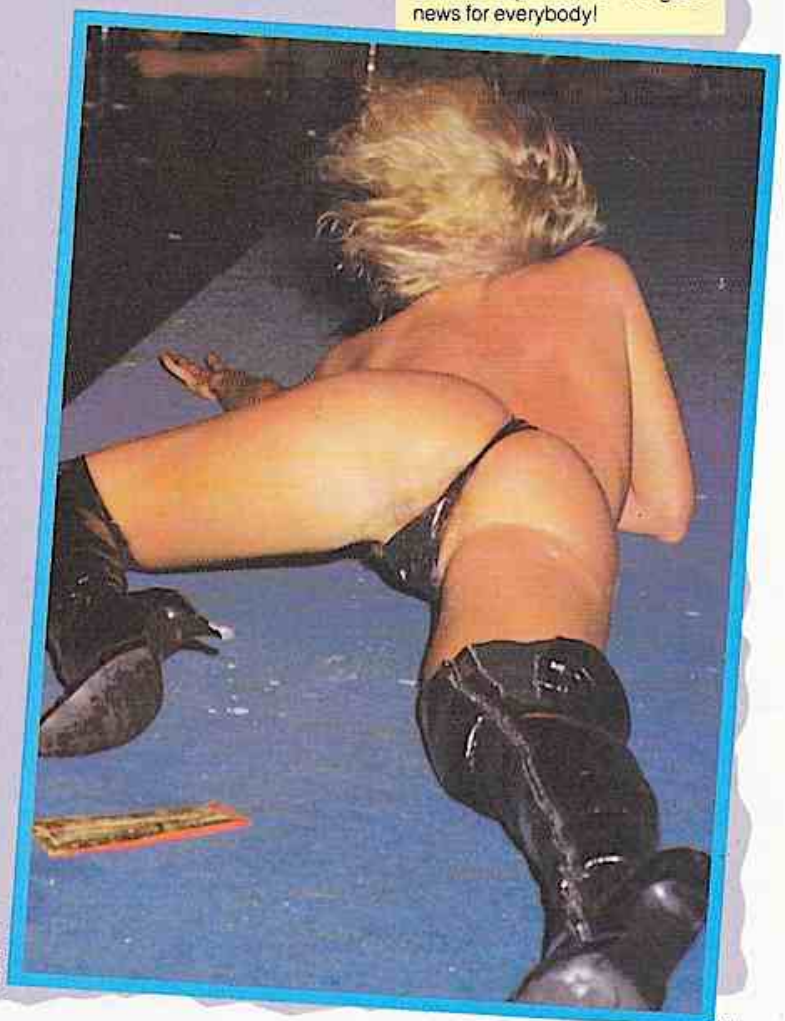
We'd also want you to fuck with as many of us as you take at one time (how many's that? Would you be able to take the nine of us?). Then, one by one, each guy would have you as many times as he could, until he dropped.

For myself, I'd like to have your soaking wet, juiced-up panties as a parting gift. I could wear them on my face for ever. Well, I'm off for a wank, 'cos I've got the fucking 'orn again.

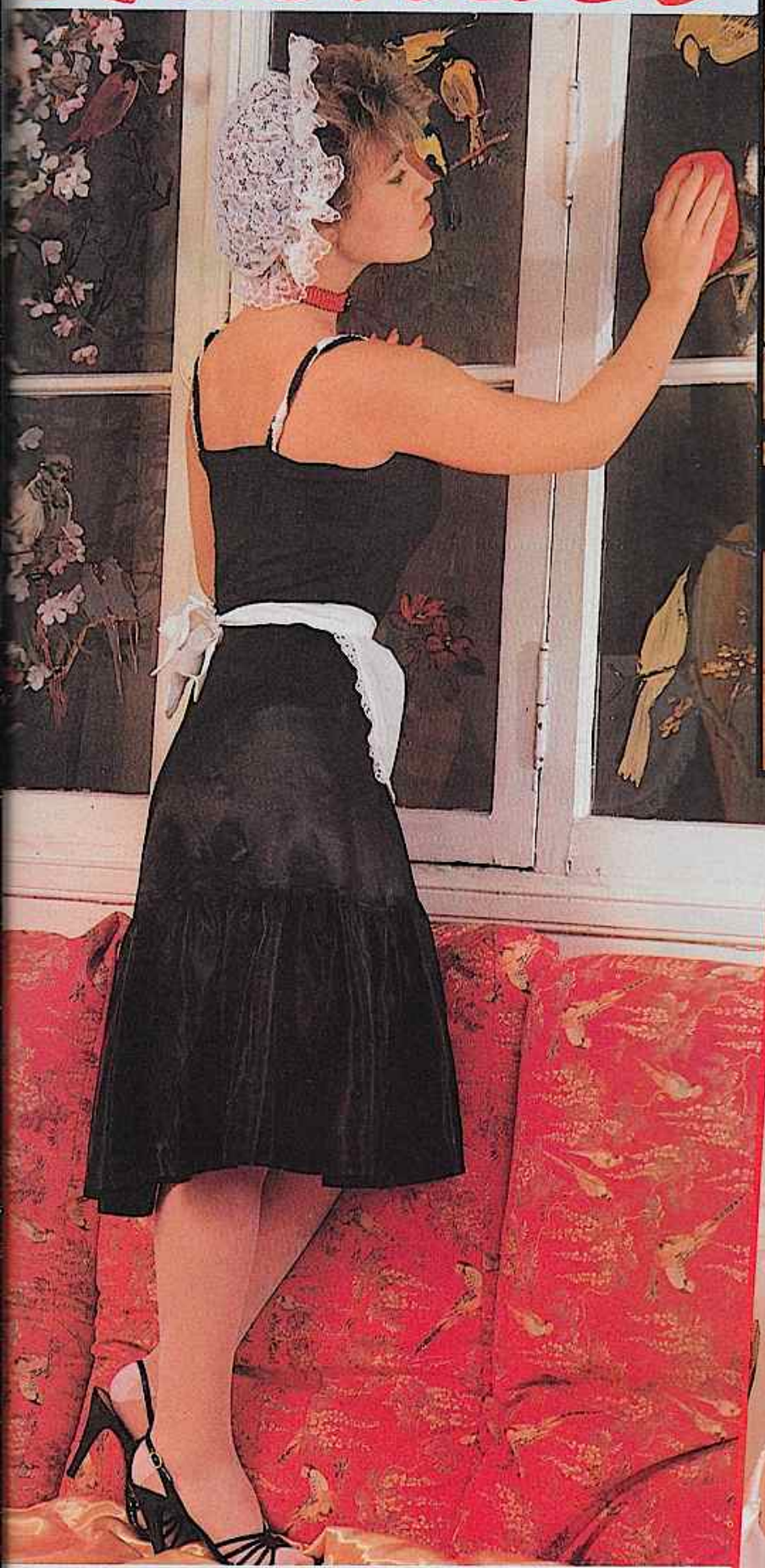
L P, Central Africa

Nine? I reckon I'd use up less energy running the London Marathon! Mind you, it wouldn't be half as much fun, though. From the sound of you lads, I bet you have to change the plastic bottle quite often, eh?

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!



Rachael



Photographs by Serge Jacques

TUESDAY

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